THREE
HYMNS,
BY THE
BISHOP
OF
BATH and *WELLS.*

Author of the Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Schollars of *Winchester* Colledge.

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London, Printed for *Ch: Broome*, at the *Gun*, at the West End of St. *Paul's* Church, 1700.

And are to be Sold by *John Ramsay* at his House within the Foot of *Con's* Closs.

Three HYMNS *for Morning, Evening, and Midnight; By* Mr. Thos Cane. D. D.

AWake my Soul, and with the Sun
Thy dayly Stage of Duty run:
Shake of dull Sloth and early riſe,
To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.

Redeem thy miſpent Time that's paſt,
Live this Day as if 'twere thy laſt:
T'improve thy Talent take due care,
'Gainſt the *Great Day* thy ſelf prepare.

Let all thy Converſe be ſincere,
Thy Conſcience as the Noon-Day clear;
Think how All-ſeing GOD thy Ways,
And all thy ſecret Thoughts ſurveys.

Influenc'd by the Light Divine,
Let thy own Light in good works ſhine:
Reflect all Heavens propitious ways,
In ardent love and chearful Praiſe.

Wake and lift up thy ſelf, my Heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all Night long unwearied ſing,
Glory to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye Heavenly Choire,
May your Devotion me inſpire,
That I like you my Age may ſpend,
Like you may on my GOD attend.

May I like you in GOD delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight,
Perform like you my Maker's Will,
O may I never more do ill.

Had I your Wings, to Heaven I'd fly,
But GOD ſhall that defect ſupply,
And my Soul wing'd with warm deſire
Shall all day long to Heav'n aſpire.

Glory to thee who ſafe haſt keept,
And haſt refreſht me whilſt *I* ſleept.
Grant Lord, when I from Death ſhall
I may of endleſs Light partake. (wake,

I would not wake, nor riſe again,
Ev'n Heaven it ſelf I would diſdain,
Wer't not thou there to be enjoy'd
And I in Hymns to be imploy'd.

Heav'n is dear Lord where e'r thou art
O! never then from me depart;
For to my Soul, 'tis Hell to be
But for one Moment without Thee.

Lord! I my Vows to the renew :
Scatter my Sins as Morning-Dew,
Guard my firſt ſprings of thought & wil
And with thy ſelf my Spirit fill.

Direct control, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do or ſay ;
That all my Powers, with all their migh
In thy ſole Glory may unite.

Praiſe GOD, from whom all Bleſſings flow
Praiſe him all creatures here below ;
Praiſe him above y' Anglick hoſt :
Praiſe Father, Son, *and* Holy-Ghoſt:

An Evening HYMN.

GLory to Thee, my God this Nigh
For all the Bleſſings of the Light
Keep me, O keep me! King of Kings
Under thy own Almighty Wings,

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the World, my ſelf and Thee
I, e'r I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed.

Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe at the laſt day.

O may my Soul on the repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep mine eye lids cloſe
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To ſerve my GOD when I awake.

When in the Night I ſleepleſs ly,
My Soul withHeav'nly thoughts ſupply
Let no ill Dreams diſturb my reſt,
No powers of darkneſs me moleſt.

Dull ſleep of ſenſe me to deprive,
I am but half my days alive;
Thy faithful Lovers, Lord,are griev'd,
To ly ſo long of the bereav'd,

But tho ſleep o'r my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in Chains,
And now and then let looſe my Heart,
Till it an *Hallelujah* dart.

The faſter ſleep the ſenſe doth bind,
The more unfetter'd is the Mind;
O may my Soul, from matter free,
Thy unvail'd Goodneſs waking ſee,

O! when ſhall I in endleſs day,
For ever chaſe dark ſleep away, (Choire
And endleſs Praiſe with th' Heavenly

In-

Inceſſant ſing and never tire :
You my bleſt Guardians whilſt I ſleep
Cloſe to my Bed your Vigils keep,
Divine Love into me inſtill,
Stop all the Avenues of ill.

Thought to thought with my Soul co
Celeſtial Joyes to me rehearſe.; (ver
And in my ſtead, all the Night long,
Sing to my GOD a grateſull Song.

Praiſe God, from whom all Bleſſings flo
Praiſe him all creatures here below:
Praiſe him above, y' Angelick hoſt:
Praiſe Father, Son, *and* Holy-Ghoſt.

A Mid Night HYMN.

LOrd, now my ſleep does me forſak
The ſole Poſſeſſion of me take,
Let no vain fancy me illude,
No one impure deſire intrude.

Bleſt Angels while we ſilent ly,
You *Hallelujahs* ſing on high ;
You, ever wakeful near the Throne,
Proſtrate adore the Three in One,

I now awake do with you joyn
To praiſe our God in Hymns Divine :

Wit

With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
and bid the Night & World Farewell.

My Soul when I ſhake off this duſt
Lord in thy Arms I will entruſt:
O make me thy peculiar care?
Some Heav'nly Manſion me prepare!

Give me a place at thy Saints feet,
Or ſome fall'n Angel's vacant ſeat;
I'll ſtrive to ſing as loud as they.
Who ſit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready ſtand
With my Lamp burning in my hand,
May I in ſight of Heav'n rejoyce,
When e're I hear the Bridegrooms voice

Glory to thee in light aray'd,
Who light thy dwelling place haſt made
An immenſe Occean of bright beams,
From thy All-glorious Godhead ſtreams

The Sun in its Meridian height,
Is very darkneſs in thy ſight:
My Soul, O lighten, and enflame,
With thought & love of thy great Name

Bleſt Jeſus thou on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights haſt in Devotion ſpent

But

But I frail creature, ſoon am tir'd
And all my Zeal is ſoon expir'd.

My Soul how canſt thou wearie grow,
Of Antedating Heav'n below,
In ſacred Hyms, and Divine Love,
Which will eternal be above?

Shine on me Lord new Life impart,
Freſh ardours kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy All-quickning light,
Diſpels the ſloth and clouds of night.

Lord, leſt the tempter me ſurprize,
Watch over thine own Sacrifice.
All looſe, all idle thoughts caſt out,
And make my very Dreams devout.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow.
Praiſe him all Creatures here below,
Praiſe him above y' Angelick Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son *and* Holy Ghoſt.

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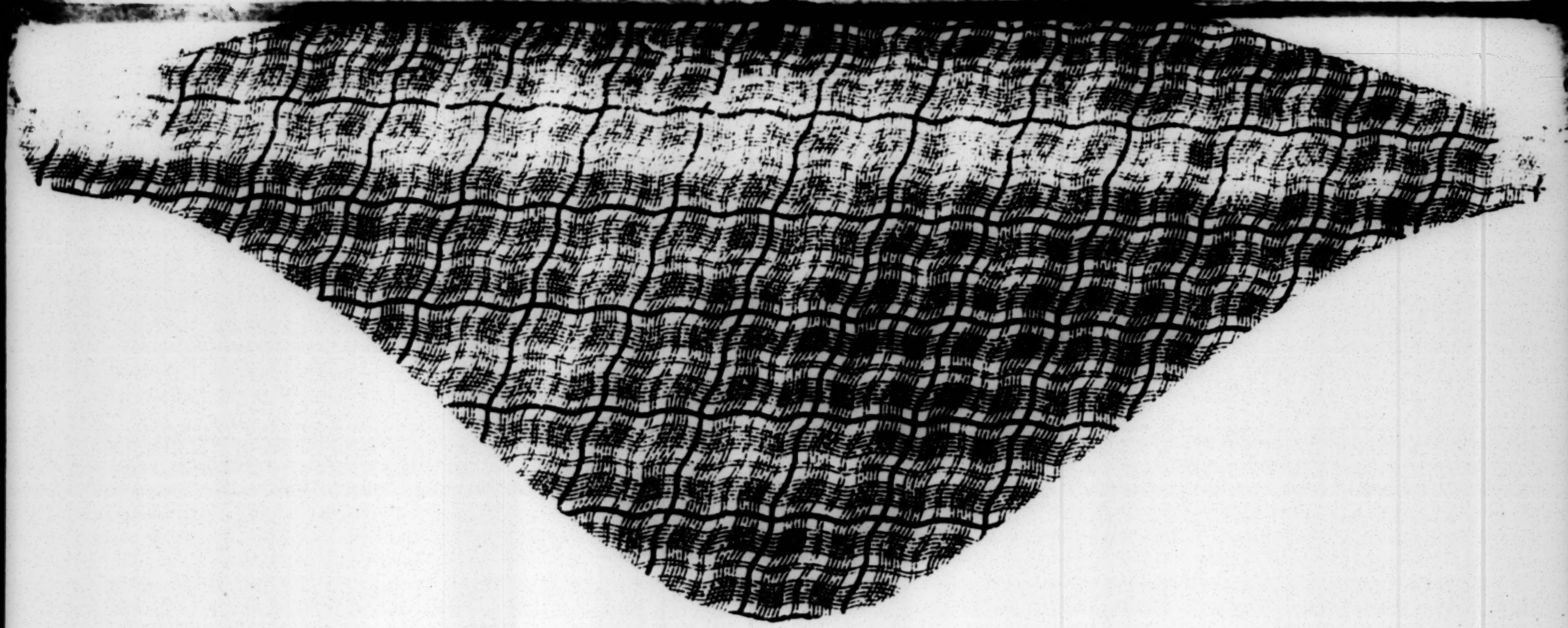
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